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The Daily Mirror

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No. 4,163.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1917

One Penny.

"THE LION'S TEETH"—STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE
MEN OF THE FLEET AT THEIR DAILY TASKS.



Taking shells on board H.M.S. Lion.—(Canadian War Records.)



Washing down the decks, Jack's early morning job.



Sir Charles Madden.



Cleaning guns after practice on board H.M.S. Galatea.

These glimpses of life in the Navy come at an opportune moment, when the sailors are putting their whole minds and vigour into the gigantic task of grappling with the submarine menace. Interest in their doings is, if possible, therefore greater than ever. Vice-

Admiral Sir Charles Madden, K.C.B., is second in command of the Grand Fleet and is seen taking a morning stroll on the deck of his flagship. H.M.S. Galatea is one of the latest light cruisers.—(Canadian War Records. Copyright reserved.)

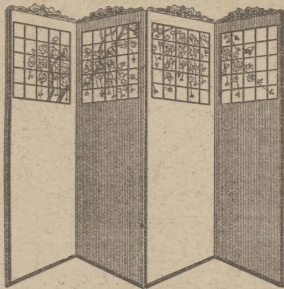
DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-HIGH-STREET LONDON-W



Special SALE of Chinese Antique EMBROIDERIES

Coats suitable for Best Gowns, Dressing Jackets and Tea-Gowns. Colours: Dark Blue Satin, Saxe Crepe de China, Embroidered Coats, as sketch. Usual Price 49/6
 A few as above, but full length. Usual price 55/0. Sale Price 59/6
 19 only: Real Chinese Mandarin Coats. Reduced to less than Half Price.
 Fine Silk Embroidered and Woven Mandarin Vests, 25/9
 exquisite colours. Usual price 55/0. Sale Price 21/9
 37 only: Chinese Silk Embroidered Coats. Less than half price, 20/0 to 25/0 and Thousands of Mats, Mantel Borders, Sleeve-bands, Bed Spreads, etc., etc. All at Clearing Prices.



draught Screens.—Strong plain Repp back and front silk panels hand-painted apple blossoms, natural colours. Nicely carved best Lacquer frames, 5ft. 7in. high. Colours: Rose, Light and Dark Green, Red and Saxe grounds. 42/6
 20 only: Black ground with coloured silk embroidered design birds and flowers. Lacquered frames, 5ft. 7in. high. 27/9
 85 only: Bedroom Draught Screens with dainty floral designs, Cherry Lacquered frames. 18/11
 Special Price to Clear (carriage forward)
 17 only: Very handsome black ground, gold embroidered storks and sprays of gold silk apple blossoms. 45/9
 Usual Price 65/0. Sale Price (Carriage paid) 45/9
 Facing boards, 4/- (returnable).



Rose and Green Chinese Charms—Elephants, Cats, Pigs, with Moire Ribbon for neck. Price 1/3
 Matrix Charms with Moire Ribbon for Neckwear. Small size 1/9 Large 2/6

Have your Costume Made-to-Measure.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES or COAT-FROCKS on EASY TERMS

From 42/- To Measure.

Supplied on first payment of 6/- Balance 6/- Monthly.

Fashionable High-Grade Cloths cut in distinctive West-End style, with superior workmanship and finish.

Call at any of our Establishments for Free Patterns and Fashion Booklet, and judge for yourself the value we are giving; or write, and they will be sent free.

2/- in the £ discount if you PAY CASH.

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 BRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre),
 WARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch).
 PSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street),
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 W.K. RD., W. (nr. Shepherd's Bb. Em.),
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Your own design copied if preferred

Gorrings

Inexpensive and Useful Styles for Early Spring



The "BRUNSWICK."—Inexpensive Country Hat in Tagal with larme on underbrim of contrasting colour. Band of corded ribbon; finished at front with bow. Price 10/9

"BESS."—Becoming Tailor-made in good Navy Coating Serge, smartly trimmed Black Military Braid, as sketched. Graceful Skirt, finished at Corset with narrow heading of self. Stocked in S.W. and W. size. Also in Black. Price £5:5:0

Write for one on approval, sending remittance or usual trade reference.

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.



DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-HIGH-STREET LONDON-W

Great Bargains in Blouses & Petticoats

All in Department on Ground Floor.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

THIS WEEK

DOROTHY.—Very dainty Spot Net Blouse, in White and Nero, as sketch. Worth 12/0. Price 7/11

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the prices and exceptional value in this Sale these goods cannot be sent on approval.

MARJORIE.—Dainty Silk Crepe de Chine Blouse, with pretty hemstitched Collar and Front. In Black, Navy, Ivory, Saxe, Myrtle, Grey and Brown. All sizes 13 to 15. Price 12/9

JOAN.—Real Bargain. Dainty Silk Crepe de Chine Blouse, as sketch, in Black, Navy, Ivory, Champagne, Pink, Saxe, and 12/9 Myrtle. Price 12/9. All sizes 13 to 15. All Orders taken in rotation.

CHRISTINE.—Smart Striped Washing Silk Blouse, various stripes. Usual price 16/11. Will be sold at 12/9

500 Silk Petticoats to be sold at 12/9. 65 Nylon Lace Silk Blouse Models, all 5/-.

U.C. 19.—145 Good Turban Fined Moire Skirts, ordinary and full sizes. All at 7/11. Worth 12/0.

U.C. 20.—26 Petticoats in soft finished Moire for useful wear. Good shape and size. Colours—Black, Navy, Saxe, Grey, Old Rose & 5/3. Helle. Bargain

DERRY & TOMS

NEW USE FOR THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.



They were nearly all women, who were very patient and good-humoured.



The fuel was distributed bag by bag. No one got more than their share. People of all classes collected outside the Paris Opera House during the coal famine. The Government used the famous building as a distributing centre.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

MARKED DAY OF HIS DEATH.

37. Woche September 1916	
Sonntag 3	<i>Der Todestag des Kaisers</i>
Montag 4	<i>Der Todestag des Kaisers</i>
Dienstag 5	<i>Der Todestag des Kaisers</i>
Mittwoch 6	<i>Der Todestag des Kaisers</i>
Donnerstag 7	<i>Der Todestag des Kaisers</i>
Freitag 8	SHOT DEAD BY PATROL "B" Co KAR. 17. MRS. AND BURIED BY
Sonntag 9	ME.

Diary kept by a German soldier, who was shot on Friday, September 8, 1916. The bullet actually hit the spot where the name of day is printed, and the mark can be seen.—(Daily Mirror exclusive.)

MILITARY MEDAL AND D.C.M. AWARDS.



Rfm. J. Bennett (Rifle Brigade), three times wounded, and awarded the Military Medal.



A. S. Butchers, a London policeman now serving in the R.M.A., wins Military Medal.



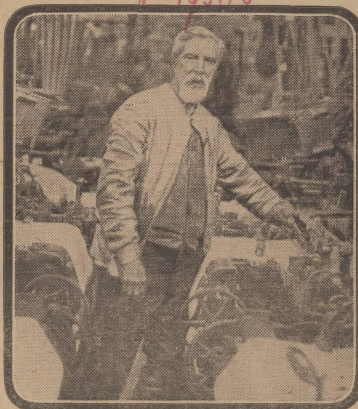
Quartermaster-Sgt. R. G. McVitty (D.C.M.), awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry.

AFTER THE INVESTITURE.



Private MacDonald, who received a gold medal from President Wilson for saving life at sea, pinning the Royal Red Cross on Sister Wollner.

SACRIFICED HIS REST.



William Abbot, aged seventy, who has been a loom overlooker for fifty-three years in the cotton districts of Lancashire. He had intended to retire, but owing to the shortage of labour he determined to help to carry on this important industry. He is still active, and keeps time with men many years younger than himself.

CALL FROM A FELLOW TOWNSMAN.



Enrolling for national service at Birmingham. It is estimated that there are three and a half million men engaged in non-essential industries who should all volunteer. The latest report says that the number of volunteers has now reached 60,000.

NO UNFAIR PROFIT ON NATION'S FOOD.

Government Determined
to Protect the People.

PROFITEERS WARNED.

Order Forbidding Any Conditions
to Sale of Potatoes.

The Government is determined that no unfair profits shall be made out of the people's food.

During the week-end the Food Controller issued this announcement:—

Lord Devonport desires to repeat the warning given by the Prime Minister in his speech on Friday last dealing with the restriction of imports, that no speculative buying or cornering of food supplies with a view of raising the existing level of prices will be permitted or tolerated.

Should any such attempts be made, the Food Controller will immediately take the necessary steps to protect the interests of the consumer. Lord Devonport will confer, in due course, with the various trade interests affected.

The "necessary steps" which Lord Devonport will take to prevent extortion will be the *Daily Mirror* understands, in the direction of fixing maximum prices at which food held back can be sold.

Food hoarders, too, will be dealt with when discovered.

It has been pointed out to *The Daily Mirror* that the Government may, at any time when such a step is considered necessary in the public interests, order an inventory of all food in the home and requisition excessive stores.

NEW BREAD ORDER.

A new Flour and Bread Order has been issued by the Ministry of Food, making it compulsory on all millers to extract from the wheat not less than 81 per cent. for flour.

Admixture with some other substance is compulsory to the extent of an additional 5 per cent.

Materials allowed to be mixed (says the Order) are rice, barley, maize, maize semolina, oats, rye or beans, and the Food Controller reserves power to add any other cereal or admixture to the extent of an additional 10 per cent. is permitted.

The Order comes into effect as regards millers on the 12th proximo, and as regards the vendors of bread on the 26th proximo.

POTATO CHARTER.

Another Order issued by the Food Controller, entitled the Potatoes (1916) Main Crop (Price) Order, fixes the maximum prices which may be charged by growers, dealers and retailers for potatoes.

Under this Order growers are entitled to charge to persons other than retailers 49 per ton up to March 31 and £10 per ton thereafter f.o.r. or f.o.b. Retailers may charge 14d. per lb. to March 31 and 1d. per lb. thereafter.

An important point dealing with the sale of potatoes which is emphasised and indicates the Food Controller's first step to prevent extortion is that no one may make or demand any unreasonable charge, or impose or attempt to impose any condition relating to any other article. Thus greengrocers will not be able, as some have done, to refuse to sell potatoes unless other goods are bought.

In an Order concerning the price of seed potatoes it is laid down that the maximum price chargeable for seed potatoes by any person other than the grower shall be, in the case of the sale of few, or less than any variety, 3d. per lb.

London's Meat Supply.—Supplies dealt with at Smithfield last week, the third week of voluntary rations, aggregated 5,419 tons, as against 6,326 tons—the weekly average for the pre-ration period, January 1 to February 3—and show a decline of 27.7 per cent., or 1,507 tons.

On a population of 6,000,000 the decline is equivalent to 9oz. per capita.

COOKS IN KHAKI.

**Tommy Likes His Meals Better
Now Women Prepare Them.**

"Our meals are not only ample but they are roughly well cooked since women cooks are detailed to our battalion," said a soldier in *The Daily Mirror* recently. "None of us is a meal nowadays."

An experiment of providing women Army cooks has been a great success, and more of them are being drafted into the service daily. The significant developments of the employment of women cooks is that they have economised on the King's khaki in camp and men's amusements. They have a lot of mess rooms of their own.

BERLIN CONFERENCE.

Sunday.—The German Chancellor met neutral Ambassadors and Ministers in the Wilhelmstrasse. After, von Zimmermann, also conference.—Exchange.



Mme. Clara Butt.



Mr. Alfred Butt.



Mr. G. R. Sims.



Father Vaughan.

Four eminent persons who have sent messages to "The Daily Mirror."

"TO THE KING ALONE."

Indian Ruler's Fidelity to the
King-Emperor.

NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT.

"I love the King-Emperor as the representative of sovereign power, and I love him as a man. There is no sacrifice which he might ask of me that I would not make."

"My resources, my life and the lives of the men of Bikanir belong to him. I myself am a ruler, the descendant of Sovereigns who have held this land for centuries."

"We are a proud race, but I would gladly kneel to his Majesty were he but to command, though I would do that for no one else in the wide world."

This patriotic declaration was made by the Maharajah of Bikanir (who is about to visit this country) to a representative of the Associated Press.

The Maharajah, who is one of the greatest of the ruling Princes of India, is thirty-six years of age.

WAR TIME HATS.

British Women Displaying Economy in Latest Millinery.

"The prohibition of the importation of millinery and feathers will make little difference to our trade," said a West End milliner to *The Daily Mirror*.

"Women have been economising for a very long time, and they have been buying London-made hats."

It was further ascertained that the imports of Paris hats had been dwindling steadily for a long time past, women being reluctant to pay the large prices asked.

CUPID AND THE COOK.

Lover's Discovery that Shattered a
Seven Years' Romance.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Sunday.—The Paris papers to-day record a decision in the Law Courts which, they say, is evidently inspired by English jurisprudence in matters of breach of promise.

After a betrothal which lasted seven years Paul Bottemheim, a Dutchman, informed his fiancée, Mlle. Marie Desprez, a typist, twenty-three years of age, that, having discovered that her father, whom he imagined to be a silk merchant, was in reality a cook, he could not carry out his promise to marry her. His family would consider it a mesalliance.

The young woman, who, to please her sweetheart, had given up her situation and embraced Judaism, brought an action.

In support of her claim to substantial damages she produced a letter written by her fiancé, in which he pressed her to give up her situation.

"In our family," he wrote, "it is considered degrading to work. A girl may be poor, but she ought not to be in business. I, therefore, forbid you to work, and I am ready to sign a contract to pay you £10,000 damages should I fail to keep my promise to marry you."

The tribunal, esteeming Bottemheim to have insisted on Mlle. Desprez leaving her situation, having taught her habits of luxury and prodigality and refused to make her his wife, owed her reparation, which, despite his handsome promise, they reduced to £800.

THE MAIL WOMAN.

Feminine Labour To Be Used for
Driving Post Office Vans.

WHY LETTERS HAVE BEEN LATE.

Women for the first time are to drive London's mail vans owing to the shortage of men taken for the Army.

Messrs. McNamara and Co., the cartage contractors to the Post Office, are to introduce them to-day on their mail services.

"So far as the women drivers are concerned, it is becoming increasingly difficult to collect and deliver mails every day through lack of men," the manager told *The Daily Mirror*.

"The situation has become so serious that I have decided to engage women for the work. As far as the women drivers are concerned, I have decided on a special system of teaching, and have secured the services of Mr. Lynford Palmer, a well-known judge of horses, and one of the finest whips, as well as Mr. W. Ward, who is a professional, and teaches most of the coaching clubs."

"All the women will go through a course of tuition for about a fortnight before they are passed as qualified to take out a mail van."

"The wages, which are fixed by postal authorities, are 30s. a week for single-horse drivers and 32s. for pair-horse drivers, with uniforms."

"HIDEOUS CRUELTY."

Mr. Balfour on the Massacre of
Armenians.

"The sufferings of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire are known, but it is doubtful if their true horror is realised," writes Mr. Balfour to the American Committee for Armenian Relief. "Those who were massacred died under abominable tortures, but they escaped the longer agonies of the 'deported.'"

"Men, women and children, without food or other provision for the journey, were driven from their homes and made to march as long as their strength lasted or until those who drove them drowned or massacred them in batches."

"This bare recital of facts reveals the hideous cruelty of which they have been the victims; no words are needed to colour or to heighten the description."

CHILD'S PARADISE.

Wonderful Exhibition of British-
Made Toys in London.

The Imperial Institute to-day has been transformed into a child's paradise.

It contains the largest and most interesting collection of toys seen in London.

Before the war toys were almost wholly of foreign manufacture. To-day they are almost wholly of British make.

The show, which will be open from to-day till March 9, is being held in connection with the British Industries Fair, the growth of which has necessitated the use of the Victoria and Albert Museum as well as of the great hall and certain galleries of the Imperial Institute.

GREAT CANAL PLAN.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—It is reported from Petrograd that a big company has been formed for the construction of a canal from the White Sea to Petrograd.—Exchange.



Convoy of Russian pack-horses laden with food and ammunition and other Army supplies proceeding along a plain between high mountain ranges.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" COSTS 1d. TO-DAY.

More Messages of Support
and Congratulation.

GIRLS TO SHARE COPY.

To-day and onward *The Daily Mirror* costs a penny.

This change in the policy of the paper, necessitated by the present conditions of production, has brought *The Daily Mirror* a shoal of good wishes and loyal promises of support.

The general public has acclaimed a policy that preserves *The Daily Mirror* as a complete illustrated daily newspaper—the predominant daily picture paper in the country. The publishing trade in particular welcomes the change, and on all sides the promise of support has been everywhere accompanied by wishes of even extended success.

HALFPENNY AGAIN AFTER WAR

With the return of normal conditions the price of *The Daily Mirror* will revert to a halfpenny.

In the meantime it will, at its war price of a penny, maintain all the high traditions of British illustrated daily journalism which were founded by this paper. All *The Daily Mirror*'s features will be maintained.

A girl reader yesterday wrote saying that she could not afford to pay a penny, but as she cannot do without her favourite paper she tells us that she and another girl have agreed to share the paper daily, each paying a halfpenny. No doubt others will solve the problem by following this policy.

In addition to messages of congratulation and support published on Saturday *The Daily Mirror* has received the following:—

Lord Knutsford (Chairman, the London Hospital)—

"Of course, raise the price rather than lower the standard. Anybody is weak enough to do the latter. Have had to face same difficulty in London Hospital—whether to lower standard of work or ask for more money."

Mme. Clara Butt—

"I certainly approve of any measure which will preserve the high standard of so excellent a paper as *The Daily Mirror*."

Mr. Frank Allen (Managing Director, Moss Empires)—

"Under present conditions consider you are perfectly justified in raising price of such a valuable paper."

Mr. Austin Harrison (Editor, the *English Review*)—

"I entirely approve raising the price, importance of maintaining standard being essential."

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll (Editor, *British Weekly*)—

"Congratulate you on the change, which I am sure you will fully justify."

Sir Joseph Lyons—

"Considering the value given and increased output in every industry, your innumerable readers are surprised the rise did not take place earlier. At all costs its high standard must be maintained. Its illustrations and reading matter keep the public in touch with all important daily events, and is a greater importance than even the proprietors imagine. It has become a household word and must not deteriorate."

Father Bernard Vaughan—

"You have long given a pennyworth for a halfpenny; now, rather than lower your war standard, raise the price, and let us keep our khaki boys smiling in *The Daily Mirror*."

Mr. Alfred Butt—

"At all times *The Daily Mirror* was exceptional value for a halfpenny. To-day, when prices of everything have necessarily increased, I feel, quite apart from the desirability of restricting sales to economise paper, that, on its merits, *The Daily Mirror* is splendid value for one penny."

Mr. William O'Malley, M.P.—

"During the war *The Daily Mirror* is well worth a penny. Its multitudinous readers will not grudge the extra halfpenny for their favourite picture paper, especially when they know the cause for increased price."

Mr. George R. Sims—

"Raise the price, by all means. It is better to keep the flag flying than to lower the standard."

Rev. F. B. Meyer—

"Maintain the quality of *The Daily Mirror*. We will find the pennies."

Mr. Herman Darewski (the well-known composer)—

"*The Daily Mirror* has helped Jack and Tommy to be of good cheer throughout the war. In doing this you have proved yourself a national asset. Keep us cheerful and we will find the pennies gladly."

GRAVE RIOTS IN BERLIN.

ROME, Sunday.—According to the *Tribuna*, grave disorders have broken out in Berlin, Hamburg and other cities.

Troops which had to be called out turned their machine guns on the women and children, killing many. Central News.

GERMANS RETREAT THREE MILES ON THE ANCRE

Serre, Miraumont, Miraumont le Petit and Pys Occupied by Our Troops.

FOE RETIRING TO THE BAPAUME RIDGE.

Patrol's Dramatic Discovery—Berlin Reports "There Are No Events of Importance to Record"!

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.

9.12 P.M.—During the past twenty-four hours the enemy has continued to yield ground along the Ancre.

Meeting with little opposition small bodies of our troops have pushed forward on a wide front, occupying Serre village and several other important points further east.

A successful raid was carried out by us yesterday evening east of Vierstraat on a front of 500 yards.

Our troops remained in the German trenches for an hour and inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy.

Several dug-outs, a mine shaft and three machine guns were destroyed by us. We captured fifty-five prisoners and one machine gun.

During the night the enemy's positions were also entered by us east of Armentieres. A hostile raiding party reached our trenches early this morning north-east of Ypres under cover of a heavy bombardment. The raiders were immediately driven out with loss.

The enemy blew a mine early this morning east of Ypres.

There has again been considerable artillery activity on both sides south and north of the Somme.

"EXPLOSIONS AND FIRES IN BAPAUME."

Withdrawal Over a Broad Front and Still Continuing.

BURNING HIS DUG-OUTS.

Heavy explosions were heard in the direction of Bapaume, says Mr. Filson Young in his telegram from France, and he adds that Miraumont, Petit Miraumont, Pys and the Butte de Warlencourt are in our hands. A Reuter's message from the front says the extreme depth of the German retreat is reported as about three miles. Explosions and fires in Bapaume are reported.

VILLAGES ABANDONED.

(FROM FILSON YOUNG.)

FRANCE, Sunday.—To-day's news, the most important sent from the western front since November, is that the Germans have withdrawn from all their strong positions north of the Ancre and are retreating to the Bapaume Ridge.

Amid the commotion which follows on a sudden movement of this kind it is impossible to get full details of what has happened, for the simple reason that it is still happening, and that the troops engaged are pressing on over what was yesterday enemy ground.

But this much may definitely be said: The villages of Miraumont, Petit Miraumont and Pys, and the Butte de Warlencourt have been abandoned by the enemy and occupied by us. His field guns have all been withdrawn.

Most of his heavy guns have also been moved from the rear of these positions, and their retreat covered by rapid and continuous fire from one or two batteries only.

SYSTEMATIC WITHDRAWAL.

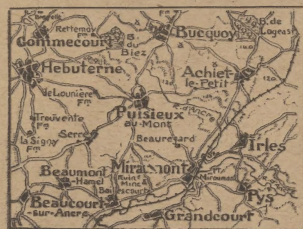
This movement was discovered by patrols sent out from Baillencourt E.M. (south-west of Miraumont) on the 23rd inst.

The first of these did not return till they had spent four hours in an unopposed reconnaissance of country that the day before had been strongly held.

Throughout yesterday further patrols were pushed out in all directions and came back with the same report—that the enemy was engaged in a systematic withdrawal to a position the distance of which from his original line is still undetermined, but which this morning had reached at some points to three miles.

Obviously it would be unwise to regard this as an ordinary retreat. It is a strategic withdrawal for some purpose which cannot certainly be defined until the movement is complete.

We are now close on the south-western foot of the Bapaume Ridge, and yesterday several heavy explosions were heard in the direction of Bapaume.



Scene of the British successes.

Yet I cannot believe that the enemy would think of handing over Bapaume and the Ridge to us without a fight, seeing that they command a great stretch of his country to the east and north.

It is more likely that, in addition to shortening and strengthening his own line he may wish either to create a salient in ours or that he may wish to embarrass and postpone our offensive by obliging us to consolidate and make good new ground at the last moment.

That is a matter of speculation. The facts are as I have stated them. The enemy has relinquished positions to which he has clung all the winter.

His withdrawal is over a broad front; it is a final withdrawal and it is still continuing.

"THE GERMANS HAVE GONE."

WAR CORRESPONDENT'S HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Sunday Evening.—The Germans have gone." This was the news brought in by a patrol which went out early on Saturday morning and returned after having penetrated to Pendant Cope and got around the west side of Serre without encountering a single German.

Not that the intelligence came as a surprise to our own people.

It appears quite clear that a shortening of the enemy line in the Ancre Valley was practically decided upon some time ago, admittedly in consequence of the intolerable pressure maintained by the British during the last three or four days.

There has been an unusual degree of hostile artillery activity in this part of the war area, but all coming from a limited number of positions.

BURNING THEIR DUGOUTS.

It is beyond question that during the long spell of hard frost the Germans were stealthily withdrawing their guns, and that the outbreak of activity to which I refer was caused first of all by the desire to conceal the weakness in artillery, and secondly to get rid of the ammunition dumped near the front line.

The first intimation our troops had that anything unwonted was going on occurred during the small hours of Friday morning, and a number of fires were observed to break out in the enemy front line, south of Pys, and these were

(Continued on page 13.)

THE KING'S PRAISE.



The King to Lieut.-General Sir F. S. Maude, General Headquarters Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force: "I congratulate you and the troops under your command on the successes recently obtained, and feel confident that all ranks will spare no effort to achieve further success. It is gratifying to me to know that the difficulties of communications which hitherto hampered your operations have been overcome."

PIRATE U 3 TORPEDOED THE 7 DUTCH SHIPS.

Holland May Demand Indemnities—Dutch Anger—Huns' Hypocrisy.

The submarine responsible for torpedoing the seven Dutch liners in the western approaches of the English Channel appears to be the U 3.

The greatest indignation, Reuter learns, is felt in Dutch circles at this latest German outrage.

The sailing of the seven vessels, involved to go to sea with a further eleven Dutch ships, was definitely fixed by the owners themselves, and it was ordered that all were to leave for their respective destinations last Thursday, these orders being transmitted to the captains through the Legation in London.

ELEVEN LUCKY SHIPS.

Fortunately the remaining eleven ships had not been cleared.

The Dutch owners, however, were emphatic that the vessels were to leave harbour on the date fixed.

From Dutch sources it is stated that all the vessels were attacked by one submarine—the U 3. When the submarine appeared the Dutch steamers were close together, and instructions were signalled by the submarine for all the crews to leave their ships in five minutes.

Three of the Dutch vessels were then torpedoed outright, while German sailors boarded the other four ships and placed bombs in them. As far as is known none of these four were sunk, but with the exception of the Menado,

FOUR SHIPS SUNK.

Lloyd's reported yesterday the following sinking:—

British steamers Iser (2,160 tons) and Falcon (2,244 tons).

A Paris Reuter's message reports that the British steamers Trojan Prince (3,196 tons) and Longhair (3,053 tons) were sunk on Friday.

which was rescued by a British trawler and towed into harbour, their whereabouts is unknown.

Wireless Press message from Amsterdam says:—

"From circles in close touch with the Government it is ascertained that the conviction prevails that Minister London will not content himself with protesting and demanding financial compensation, but will also insist upon further indemnities, which will result in immediate improvement in the matter of navigation."

Over 200 seamen belonging to the seven ships arrived on the mail train at Paddington on Saturday.

The Lokalanzeiger, states the Central News, says the German Government has not hesitated to describe the sinkings as "deeply regrettable," but the main blame falls on the British Admiralty, which refused to allow the departure of the Dutch vessels at the right time (at latest on the night of February 10).—Reuter.

BERLIN'S SILENCE.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

AFTERNOON.—South of Ypres and between Armentieres and Arras several local British attacks began after strong artillery fire were repulsed.

West of Lievin reconnoitring expeditions by our troops took them far into the enemy's position. Some prisoners were captured.

NIGHT.—There have been no events of importance to report.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

SMASHING GAIN AT SANNA-I-YAT.

British Take Turks' Third and Fourth Lines.

FINE TIGRIS CROSSING.

Bridge Flung Across in Nine Hours and Position Secured.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

In continuation of the communiqué issued on the 23rd inst., the following report has been received from the General Officer Commanding in Mesopotamia:—

The southern portion of the Sanna-i-Yat position, captured in the first assault on February 22, consisted of two lines of trenches on a frontage of 450 yards and to a depth of 100 yards.

The Turks delivered six counter-attacks, but although one of them was temporarily successful our gains were secured and consolidated.

On the afternoon of the same day a further assault was launched against the Turkish first and second lines to the north, and in prolongation of those secured in the morning, and the whole objective was gained.

SHUMRAN BEND MOVE.

A heavy Turkish counter-attack temporarily retarded progress, but we finally consolidated our gains, and by the end of the day the first two lines of trenches on a front of 900 yards were firmly in our hands.

These operations having drawn the enemy's attention in the direction of Sanna-i-Yat, it seemed possible that a crossing of the Tigris in the neighbourhood of the Shumran Bend might be effected and plans were laid to this end.

Just before daybreak on February 23 the first covering parties were ferried across, followed at intervals throughout the day by other parties.

LANDING SECURED.

These covering parties firmly established themselves on the left bank, securing the landing and taking many prisoners.

Immediately the landing was secured and sufficient clearance obtained the construction of a bridge was commenced.

In nine hours the bridge was completed, and by nightfall a position on the left bank was secured and consolidated.

The Turks offered a stubborn resistance to our progress in the Shumran Peninsula, but thanks to the efficient disposition and handling of our covering artillery and machine guns on the right bank this resistance failed to stop our advance.

Simultaneously with this crossing of the river the assault on the Sanna-i-Yat position was resumed, and the third and fourth Turkish lines of trenches were captured on a front of 1,050 yards.

544 PRISONERS.

It is not yet possible to give a full account of the operations, but the number of prisoners taken on the 23rd in the Shumran area now amounts to eleven officers and 533 other ranks. Five machine guns were also captured.

During the past few days two enemy aeroplanes have been shot down.

POSITION OF SWEDEN NOW "GRAVER THAN EVER."

Foreign Minister on Need of Greater Measures to Preserve Neutrality.

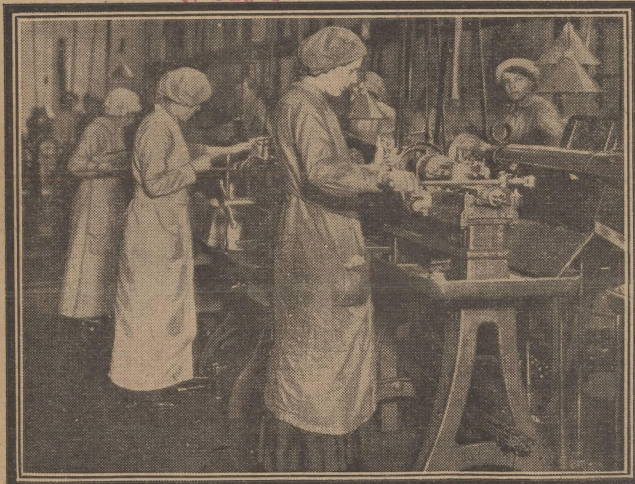
COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—The debate in the Riksdag on the new military grant of 30,000,000 kroner for the defence of Swedish neutrality took place yesterday.

Great excitement, says the *Dagens Nyheter* (Stockholm), was caused by the Foreign Minister's declaration. He indicated that in the past few days something had happened which had to a great extent aggravated the position of Sweden and made an extension of the measures of safeguarding neutrality necessary.

He emphasised the fact that the Opposition would in a few days be compelled to admit that the situation was graver than ever, and that the prospects of the future were very dark.—Exchange.

Other war and general news on page 13.

BRITISH MAGNETOS FOR BRITISH AIRMEN—SMASHING A HUN MONOPOLY.



In the lathe shop. The work requires both skill and care.



The women overseers, who have very responsible duties to perform.

SUNDAY CONCERT.



Miss Gladys Labin, who recited "The Yukon Trail" and "Yes, Papa" at last night's Sunday League concert at the Stratford Empire.—(Vandyk.)



In the canteen. They generally have a dance during the luncheon hour.

Two thousand girls in a factory near London are engaged in the congenial task of capturing the magneto industry from the enemy. Before the war the Hun had a virtual monopoly, but this has been altered now, and it is interesting to note that all our airmen who have destroyed Zeppelins have had their machines equipped with British-made magnetos, which are as good, if not better than the German product. The girls have their own canteen, in which is a grand piano.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

A NEW BALLET.



Miss Carlotta Mossetti, who will appear with Mlle. Adeline Genée in the new ballet, "La Camargo," to be staged at the Coliseum to-night.—(Collier.)

WHERE THE CROWN PRINCE'S HOPES ARE BURIED.



Exploring the ruins of a village near Verdun. They are not excavating Willie's vanished hopes, which lie buried deep somewhere in this neighbourhood.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

OMNIBUS STAFF ENTERTAINS WOUNDED MEN.



A number of wounded soldiers were entertained at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Saturday by the L.G.O.C. Grosvenor-road office staff. Tea was a jolly meal, everyone wearing caps from crackers.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1917.

OUR CRITICS CRITICISED.

WHEN we advanced in this column, a few days ago, the proposition that skilful generalship was more important than unlimited numbers in winning this or any other war, we thought we were venturing a remark so obvious as to be a mere commonplace; and if we expected any criticism at all on the point, it was that we should be told, in retort, that the late Queen Anne was still dead, that a door is only not a door when it happens to be ajar, and that Moses was in the dark when the light went out and left him in obscurity.

We were entirely mistaken!

Without meaning it, we seem to have advanced an incendiary or revolutionary proposition of utter imbecility (according to some) or of excellent audacity (according to others).

It is our turn to be astonished—puzzled. The statement: "No amount of money any use without fine generalship, since bad generalship will annihilate any number of men," appears to act on military correspondents and critics and on retired colonels in club windows as a sudden blow between the eyes. They are up in a moment hitting back and sputtering: "Silly ass! Fool! Idiot! Blank, blank! Waiter, another whisky! Past the time for it? Blank, blank, blank!"

Such manifestations of military wrath naturally showed us the duty of thinking over our thesis.

And we concluded that what had annoyed the colonels in clubs was not so much the assertion that generalship is of the first importance (in spite of the ranting yell for more men, men, men, for incompetent generals to kill), as our other, more disputable claim that younger and newer men should get more rapid promotion and come to the fore with ideas learnt since 1914 and not before it.

This to some seemed a slur on the glorious army that saved the world at Mons—the army of the days before 1914—but also, remember, before the war of trenches.

No such thought ever occurred to us.

In speaking of youth and age, in a willfully humorous-provocative passage, we meant only to imply that young *minds* should be at the head, not necessarily men physically young. We were speaking of those *militarily* young, or renewed by the totally unexpected lessons of the war.

No need, then, to trot out our old friend Hindenburg as refutation. He rather proves our case: because he was nobody much before the war and has become somebody since. In Germany at the beginning—as elsewhere—the official and recognised eminences were failures.

Be kind to us, then, retired colonels in club windows! We mean well. If any of you will prove yourselves Hindenburgs, you, too, shall, in the military sense, be called young by us—that is, capable of learning the lessons that have transformed the art of war since 1914. W. M.

A DEDICATION.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he,
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself, and spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-endless days—
Draw toward the low, frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

—TENNISON.

IN MY GARDEN.

Feb. 25.—Although it is desirable to sow such vegetables as broad beans, peas, parsnips, etc., early in the spring, the work must not be undertaken until the weather is favourable. It is quite useless to sow in wet ground, especially if it is of a heavy nature. Therefore wait until the soil can be broken up into fine tilth.

As digging proceeds, wireworms, slugs, millipedes and leather-jackets (the grubs of the "daddy-longlegs") must be looked for and destroyed. E. F. T.

WOMEN, THE FARMERS, AND THE LAND.

HELP IN THE SOLUTION OF THE FOOD PROBLEM.

By AGNES E. OLLIVANT.

AFTER the Prime Minister's immensely important speech on Friday, the mind of the public is so closely concerned with the questions of food and shipbuilding that it scarcely has time even to watch exciting operations on the western front.

The question of woman's labour on the land has been brought to the fore again by that speech and all that it implies.

We must have increased cultivation. We cannot afford the male labour from the armies, munitions and shipbuilding. Women must help. They are willing. They are ready. Is it true (what has been freely asserted) that

admirable, only that it is misdirected and wrong-headed.

Thus, now, with the question of the employment of women, as far as possible to replace men, on the land. Will the farmers do their duty? Will they see that the available labourers—women for the most part—are properly housed and fed? Some of the more enlightened have declared their willingness to accept women workers; but they seem to think that, having said so much, their responsibilities have been discharged. They do not make any effort to ensure the success of the great adventure.

"ANYTHING GOOD ENOUGH."

Several instances have come under my personal notice of such gross inconsideration—and I have heard of many others—that all the enthusiasm of the women workers has been killed.

They have been left to find what accommodation they could. In one case, the choice

WHEN HIS FATHER MEETS HER FATHER.



When a young man is engaged to a nice girl, of course their fathers must meet. But, alas! it often happens that the affinity between the young people does not exist between the middle-aged or elderly parents of both of them. They are simply bored with one another.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

these ready and willing women are "a failure on the land?"

As one who has tried and watched others try, I do not think so.

In my humble opinion, the most serious

obstacle to the employment of women on the land is the farmer.

Men who work on the land—men who are used to the slow processes of nature, which cannot be hurried—have an instinctive hatred of anything like a change. They believe in the old, well-tried methods which were employed by their fathers, and any innovation is regarded with suspicion or distrust. It is labelled as being newfangled, and it is condemned without inquiry. The farmer's attitude is that the methods and beliefs which were good enough for his forbears are good enough for him; and to this creed he holds with fanatical tenacity. Indeed, his persistence would be

lay between a room in the village public-house—anything but a desirable spot—and a room in an already over-crowded cottage, in which a labourer, his wife, and family were herded together. The accommodation problem is, I know, a very difficult one in most rural districts; and perhaps it is not fair to blame the farmers for the existing conditions. But they could do more than they have done. They could take and furnish, on a co-operative principle, a house for their workers, as they did in many places for the Belgian refugees.

But if the farmer must be exonerated from responsibility, as regards the unsatisfactory accommodation, he must be convicted of having put the women to do the most unpleasant tasks. Cleaning pigsties and cowsheds is not savoury work on which to start as an agricultural volunteer. As a matter of fact,

NUMBERS AND GENERALS.

CRITICISM AND APPROVAL OF OUR RECENT LEADING ARTICLE.

THE PROMOTION SYSTEM.

SIR,—Your article under this heading expresses a want of confidence in our generalship.

During this war the belief has been inculcated that failures in generalship have been largely due to generals being too old.

As regard, the age of generals, it would be interesting to ascertain the ages of the principal leaders in our Allies' armies and in those of our enemies.

What a general chiefly needs are character, experience and quickness of mind.

Character is needed to improve those round him with the strength of his personality and the justness and correctness of his views and actions. Experience to help him to judge rightly men and things. These two qualities, if well spent, build up. Quickness of perception is a natural gift; no study can impart it; lacking it a man will never be a leader.

Taking all things into consideration, it may be said that a general, like a poet, is born, not made; but is improved by experience and practice of the right kind. A life spent mostly in offices tends to deliberation and slowness in action, and does not build up character or supply the experience required to lead men.

One reason why shortcomings in generalship are now forcing themselves on the attention of the country is that it has been possible for officers who have never shown capacity for leadership to rise to high rank on the Staff, and subsequently to take command of troops in the field.

Your argument that generalship avails even more than numbers to secure victory is one few thinking people will desire to contest. The problem is, find the generals. Do not commence your search by eliminating all over a certain age. The parrot cry of "a young man's war" is misleading. This is every man, woman and child's war. This cry was started by interested parties for obvious reasons.

COUNTY REGIMENT.

OLD OR YOUNG?

SIR,—“W. M.” would have been unanswerable if he contented himself with asserting that good generalship is more important than vast numbers. He need not have gone beyond that.

It is against experience to assert that older men are not better than very young men in the Higher Command. MIDDLE-AGED SOLDIER. Berkhamsted.

"IF NAPOLEON CAME..."

SIR,—Impossible to get the War Office to change its mind!

Its mind is made up as to the system of promotion and appointment to the higher ranks in the Army.

If a Napoleon appeared on our side he would get no chance from the War Office. He would be "such a junior"! A. L. Hammersmith.

It is not agricultural work at all. WH should the women be given such work to do—and nothing but it—unless the idea is to drive them off the land?

If this is the intention of the farmers, it should be made to realise that drastic steps will be taken to compel them to play their part.

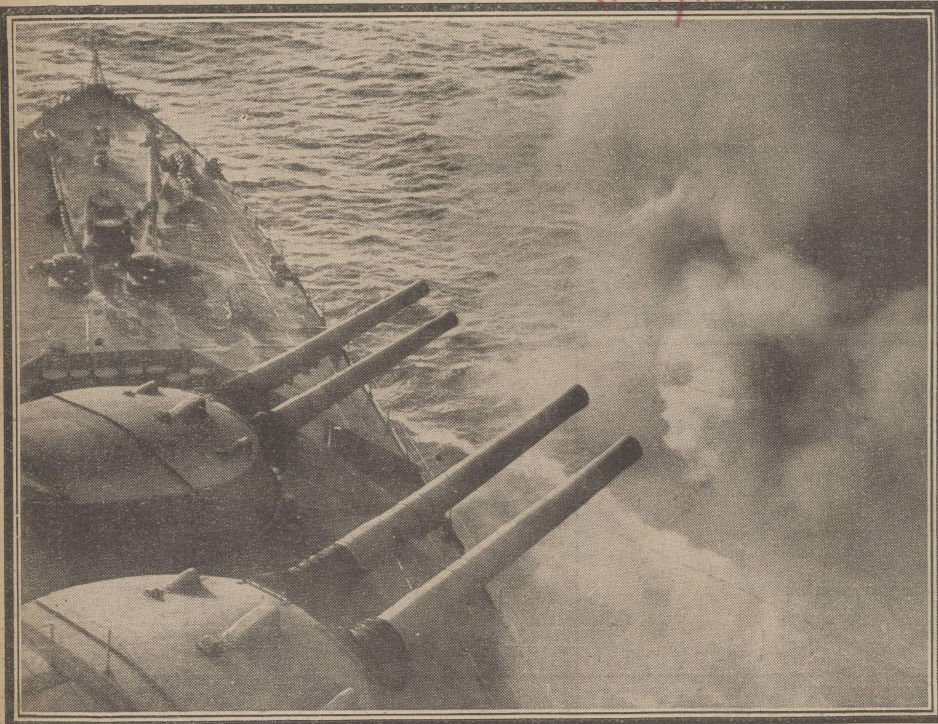
Women are not afraid of work. But at least they should be given work they can do. The object of many farmers seems to be to give them work that will "learn them to come here again."

Is this really the object of patriotic feeling at this time of crisis in our history?

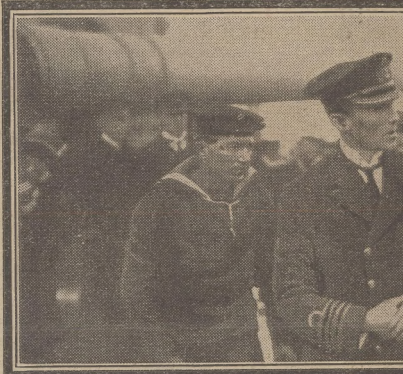
A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Our own heart and not other men's forms our true honour.—Coleridge.

GLIMPSES OF THE GRAND FLEET—BATTLE PRACTICE



Firing 15in. guns on one of our latest battleships.—(Canadian War Records.)



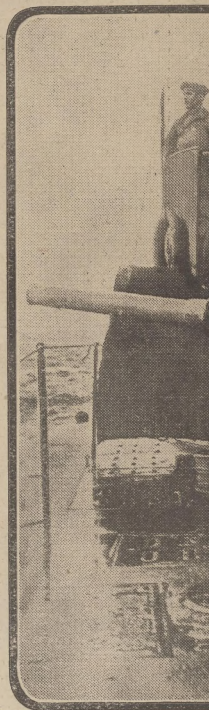
Sunday morning inspection on H.M.S. Canada. Ca

DECORATED.



P.O. Joseph Coxon (Armoured Car Section), personally decorated by the Grand Duke Nicholas.

WHOLESALE SI



A quick-firing gun on board of a gross breach of faith by were sunk in the we

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" TOQUE.



designed for the spring, is made of coloured velvet on a satin foundation.—(Lucie Hamar.)

HOW THE GUNNERS SCREEN THEIR POSITION.



Muzzle of a naval gun emerging from its dugout on the Marne front.—(French official.)

CUPID ON THE OMNIBUS.



Miss Jennie Marsh, a London girl conductor, was married at Willesden on Saturday, the driver of her omnibus, whom she met on her first journey twelve months ago. Her husband has been to the front.

THEY WERE SOON FRIENDS



A meet of the Quorn Foxhounds was held on Saturday near Brooksby Hall, Lady Beatty's convalescent home for sailors, some of whom were present. Two of them are seen petting hounds.

WAR HEROES—



Lovell Everson, a Welsh miner, who made a gallant attempt to save Lieut. A. P. Wernher, son of the late South African millionaire, at the front.

ARD ONE OF THE LATEST BRITISH DREADNOUGHTS.



der, in foreground.—(Canadian War Records.)

TCH SHIPS.



mans have just been guilty
a steamers, some of which
English Channel.

R SWIMMER.

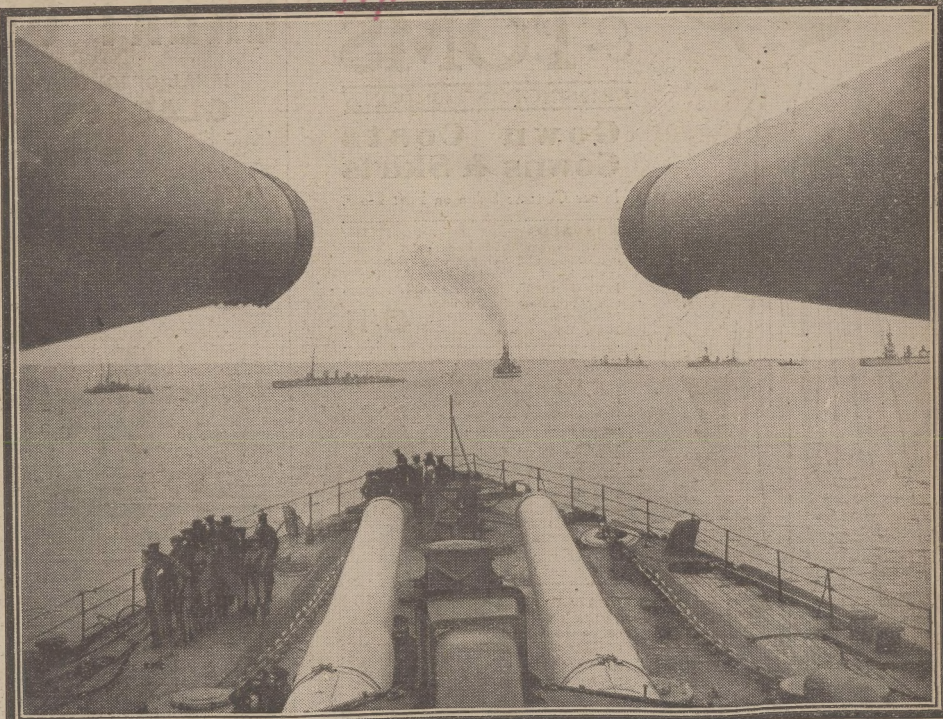


2nd-Lieut. G. L. Vincent
(Middlesex Regt.). He
joined the London Regi-
ment as a private, and won
the D.C.M. at the battle
of the Somme.

WOUNDED.



Miss Violetta Thur-
ston, who was
wounded while tend-
ing Russians in the
trenches at Lodz.



A glimpse of the Grand Fleet.—(Canadian War Records.)

THE RUSSIANS DESTROY A GERMAN AEROPLANE.



Both the occupants, who were killed, were found under a piece of the plane.

COLOURED LABOURERS ON THE FRENCH FRONT.



Two of the men greasing their feet.



A good advertisement for a dentifrice.

Coloured labour is now being employed on the western front, and these two photographs were taken at the men's camp in France.—(Official photographs.)

A MASCULINE SHAPE.



A feminine version of a man's Derby hat in
cream-coloured straw, with an interlacing
band in dark green.—(Wyndham.)

THE PHANTOM LOVER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Esther Shepstone.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

MICKY MELLOWES, a bachelor, who has had all the good things of life, is able to help.

ESTHER SHEPSTONE, a beautiful girl, who is earning her own living; Esther has given up her career because she is going to be married.

RAYMOND ASHTON, a good-for-nothing fellow who is going to throw the girl over.

JUNE MASON, who is Micky's friend and becomes Esther's friend. Micky confesses to June the end of the world, but she loves Esther. Driver tells Micky that the announcement of Ashton's marriage has appeared in the papers.

Micky and June arrange to get Esther away from London, in order that she may not learn about Raymond's treachery. When Esther and Micky are out morning their trip at a wayside inn, Esther hears two men talking of Raymond's marriage.

She rushes away and starts for Paris. Micky follows and catches her at Calais. Esther is very angry when Micky tells her that Raymond is unworthy; then she breaks down and sobs bitterly.

Before the train arrives in Paris Micky confesses that he wrote the letters which had so delighted Esther.

Esther does not want to believe what Micky tells her, but in spite of herself she feels that he is speaking the truth.

Micky does not wish to intrude upon her, for he feels that his company is unwelcome. He goes away, and Esther wanders out into the streets feeling very unhappy and desolate.

Not seeing anything, she wanders into some public gardens.

A man passes her. He pauses and turns back. Then he comes and speaks to her.

It is Raymond Ashton.

YOU KNOW I'M MARRIED.

AND so the dream had come true after all, and she and Raymond were together in Paris. For the moment as she looked up into his handsome face it seemed to Esther that all the past hours of worry and grief were wiped out as if they had never really existed; this man was smiling down at her in the same old way; the very tone of his voice awoke forgotten memories in her heart; she felt as if a gnawing pain which had allowed her no rest had suddenly been lulled to sleep.

"I thought it must be you," Raymond was saying. "And yet I could not be sure. Somehow I never thought of you and Paris as being in any-way compatible, and yet—"

He broke off; it had been on the tip of his tongue to say that she had never looked sweeter or more desirable, but he checked the words.

She was so pale and silent that a faint fear stirred in his mind; he wished now that he had not obeyed the overwhelming impulse to stop and speak to her after all what was the use of opening a long-closed door and letting free the ghosts of a past brief madness which would not have satisfied him even if he had turned it into reality!

It was his overwhelming conceit that suddenly woke the wish in his heart to know if she still cared, or if she had forgotten him as almost completely as he had forgotten her, and a little flush crossed his face and his eyes grew tense as they met the tragedy of hers; he looked hastily round.

"We can't talk here. Will you come to a cafe? There is so much I should like to say to you; I seem an eternal stranger to me now. When did you come over? What are you doing here?"

They were walking slowly along now, the man's head bent ardently towards her, his whole manner unconsciously eager.

He had once told Micky that this girl was the only woman he had ever loved, and perhaps it was right—as he accounted love, for his heart was beating faster now than it had ever done for Tubby Clare's little widow or any other woman, and the whole atmosphere of the morning with which he had been indiscreetly bored a few moments ago seemed changed.

He took her to a cafe—one where he was not at all known, and where there would be nobody likely to recognise him; he ordered coffee and biscuits, but when they came he touched neither.

"Now we can talk undisturbed," he said; he moved his chair closer to Esther—he laid his hand on hers for a moment.

She did not move or try to evade his touch; she just looked down at his hand for a moment and then up at the handsome face which had for so long meant all the world to her.

Everything was dreamlike still, but now she was content to let the dream hold her, and take her where it would.

"I never thought we should meet again here of all places," he said in his soft voice. "He sighed and leaned back in his chair. "How long ago does it seem to you since we said good-bye?" he asked her moodily.

She could not answer, but the thought floated through her mind that, if they never had said good-bye, that he had just walked out of her life and stayed away until this moment, when fate had thrown them together once more.

"If you knew how often I have thought about

you—and wondered if we should ever meet again," he said. He half turned in his chair, leaning his elbow on the table and looking at her downcast face.

Did you get my letter, Lallie? The one I wrote on New Year's Eve—and the money? I sent you some money.

A swift flush dyed her cheeks; she raised her eyes.

That had been his letter then, after all—Micky had laid it to her; she caught her breath on a little gasp.

"Yes," she said faintly. "Yes—yes, I got it—thank you."

She hardly knew what she was saying, or if it were really relief she experienced at his words.

"I've often thought since that I might have written you a kinder letter," he said, after a moment. "But everything had gone wrong then—the matter cut up rough, you know—I told you—I and I was up to my eyes in debt. It was the best thing for both of us to put an end to it, don't you think it was, Lallie? You used to say that you wouldn't mind being poor, but in the end you'd have hated it as much as I should." He paused, as if expecting her to speak, but she said nothing; she was plucking at the blue-and-white fringe of the tablecloth before them with nervous fingers.

Why did he mean—that he might have written her a kinder letter—when she always remembered that particular one of which he had spoken as one of the dearest she had ever received from him?

He went on again presently:

"It hurt me more than you'll ever know." There was a sort of self-satisfaction in his voice.

"It took me a long time to forget you, Lallie, and then, just as I was beginning, I saw you that night at the theatre."

He said this with Mellowes. His brows met above his handsome eyes. "Mellowes wasn't long picking you up," he added, with a sort of jealousy.

Her lip quivered, but she did not raise her eyes.

"You saw me, too, didn't you?" he persisted. "I know you did, because Mellowes came round afterwards and cursed me to all eternity." He laughed vexedly. "I should have made a point of seeing you the next day if it hadn't been for his confounded interference," he went on. "He told me to get out of London and leave you alone."

He bent towards her a little. "What Mellowes to you?" he asked her, deliberately.

She raised her eyes now, and somehow it seemed as if in the last few moments the man she had known and loved had changed into a stranger—someone whom she had never seen before, whose finger she hoped never to see again.

She forced her lips to smile; she felt at that moment that she would die rather than let him see how she was suffering, or guess how she had suffered in the past.

"He's been kind to me," she said voicelessly. "That's all."

Raymond made a little grumpy sound.

"He's got me to thank for ever getting to know you," he said complacently. "I gave him your address and asked him to take you out a bit if he fancied it. I asked him to be kind to you."

The hands in her lap twitched convulsively.

"If I'd had one-tenth of his beauty I should not be sitting here now as if we were strangers—as if—"

Lallie—do you remember when I first knew you—the good time we used to have?"

"I remember everything," he her closer.

"I never cared for any woman in all my life but you. It's cursed hard luck, things having gone dead against me like this." He sighed abruptly. "You know I'm married?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, yes!" The words came stiffly.

His eyes searched her white face jealously.

"You don't seem to care," he complained.

"I've often wondered if you knew—and if you minded it."

He said this staring before him for a moment, and there was a little smile in his eyes.

"We do things in style over here now, I can tell you," he said, with sudden change of voice.

"She's as rich as you please, and she likes to spend her money, too. Another silence.

"I hope you'll be happy," Esther said faintly.

AN IDOL OF CLAY.

AFTERWARDS she wondered what had made her say it, seeing that she did not care in the very least if he were happy or not; why should she care? This man was a stranger to her.

Afterwards she wondered what had made her say it, seeing that she did not care in the very least if he were happy or not; why should she care? This man was a stranger to her.

He laughed ruefully.

"Oh, I suppose we shall," he said. "She's not a bad sort, and she lets me alone."

He roused himself suddenly and bent close to her.

"Lallie—you'll let me see you again. There's no reason why we can't be friends—just because I'm married." He tried to take her hand, but now she repulsed him, though very gently.

It seemed impossible that this man had ever really had the power to make her suffer! That she had lain awake at night and sobbed for him—that she had carried his letters against her heart; his letters?—or Micky's! How could she be sure?

"You're not going to be a little proud surely?" he said in a whisper. "I can give you the time of your life over here if you'll let me."

"Your wife's money," said Esther with stiff lips. He looked annoyed.

"If you like to put it that way—but she doesn't mind—she's too fond of me to mind how much I spend. . . . Lallie—"

She hated to hear that name, hated it more because once she had loved it.

She closed her eyes for a moment with a little sick shudder.

"Are you faint?" he asked, anxiously. "I suppose it is warm in here. Take your coat off—that's a fine coat—"

he ran an appreciative hand down the soft fur sleeve; a sudden suspicion crept into his eyes. "Who gave you that?" he asked sharply. "Not Mellowes."

"No—at least. . . ."

She could not go on. Micky had given it to her, she knew now for certain that he had, but she would have bitten her tongue through rather than have let this man know it.

She drew the heavy folds a little closer round her; there was something comforting in its soft warmth and the memory of the man whom she had to thank for it.

"I had been Micky all the time—Micky. . . ."

He thrust the thought of him from her; she did not want to think of him now—there would be plenty of time later on; plenty of time when she had shaken off the last of the past and torn away the old and for ever out of her life.

"It cost a pretty penny, whoever bought it," he said sulkily. "What else has he given you? If you can take presents from him, you can't refuse to let me see you sometimes after all."

She met his eyes steadily; her own were dry and burning.

"I remember everything," he said mechanically. "I remember."

"You loved me well enough then," he reminded her moodily. "You didn't believe in an iceberg then, Lallie, and I'm not really an iceberg."

"I'm the same man I was then—I care for you just as much."

"You're married!" she said.

She felt as if she had so much time mapped out before her during which she must put up with this man's society; as if each moment were another inch torn in the rags of disillusionment which had got to be destroyed thoroughly before she could ever hope to gather up the broken threads of her life and mend them again.

He laughed at her reminder.

"I'm not the only married man who sometimes forgets that he is no longer a bachelor," he said detestably.

He laid an arm familiarly along the back of her chair.

"I've never seen you looking as sweet as you do now," he said, softly. "That fur suits you, Lallie—and I like your white cheeks."

He touched her chin with his finger, the hot blood rushing riotously over her face. She was white no longer; she looked like a marble Galatea suddenly brought to life.

Raymond Ashton laughed, well pleased; he had roused her at last, and that was what he had wanted. He was confident that he had not lost his power over her, that she still cared for him. For the moment his appalling vanity blinded him to the fact that it was not love in her eyes, but scorn and passion.

"What are you thinking, Lallie?" he asked her. "What are you thinking, Lallie? Tell me."

She sat very straight and stiff in her chair.

"I am thinking," she said, "of how impossible it seems that I can ever have even thought that I cared for you."

Her voice was low but very clear, and he heard each word distinctly. "I am thinking that you are the most contemptible thing I have ever met in my life."

She pushed back her chair and rose to her feet.

Would you like to hear any more of my thoughts?" he asked.

Ashton had risen, too; there was a look of bewildered amazement in his face; he tried to laugh. Even now he thought she was joking; twice he tried to speak, but no words would come, and he fell back a step.

"Lallie," he said at last hoarsely. He half held his hand to her. "Lallie—" he said again—but the cold contempt of her face struck the appeal from her lips.

He drew himself up with a poor attempt at dignity—he laughed cynically.

"So virtue is to be the order of the day, is it?" he said sneeringly. "Very well—" his eyes flamed as he stared on her faced on.

"I makes one wonder why you are here—in Paris—alone!" he said insultingly. "If you are alone."

There was a little point of silence; for a moment Esther scanned his handsome face as if she were trying to remember what it was that she had ever loved in him—his eyes—but they were so cruel and insolent in all his lips. . . . she shuddered, realising that in all her life she could never undo the memory of his kisses—

then she pulled herself together with a great effort, and deliberately turned her thoughts to Micky—Micky, who she knew would never fail her though she had treated him so cavalierly, and a faint smile curved her lips as for a moment she seemed to be considering the man opposite to her. It was almost as if she were trying to commit his face to memory, so that she would never again forget it—so that she would always have it before her to remind her of her folly and complete disillusionment—then she gave a little sigh and turned away from him.

He followed—he caught her before she gained the street—his ancient bitterness upon him—he was more than angry, too; perhaps beneath it all was an ever-growing realisation of what he had

lost—of what he might have had if he had allowed the better part of his nature to trample down his ambition—his face was crimson with passion—he caught her arm in a grip that hurt. "My God, you're not going to escape me like this if you think you are," he said furiously. "It's only a few weeks ago that you were crying round my neck and begging me not to throw you over. Oh, that hurts, does it?" he said sneeringly, as she winced. "I dare say you'd like all that wiped out and forgotten. But it's not so easily done, my lady. I've got a few letters to remember you by—a few letters that would hardly make pleasant reading for the next man who is fool enough to waste his time on you—and I promise you I'll send them along to him, if it's Mellowes or any other man."

She raised triumphant eyes to his face.

"He wouldn't read them," she said passionately. "Send them, if you like; but he wouldn't read them."

She was not conscious of the admission in her words—she only knew that the knowledge that Micky was there somewhere in the background gave her the strength to defy this man.

She saw the sudden gleam of fury that filled his eyes, and the pallor that seemed to spread to his very lips, driving away all vestige of colour.

"Then—then you admit that it's Mellowes," he stammered. "You admit that it's he who has taken my place—who has cut me out."

His voice changed to a sort of threatening snarl. "I might have known what he meant to do. I might have guessed. Wait till I see him—wait till I get back to London."

Esther smiled—a little smile of security and confidence.

"There is no need to wait," she said quietly. "Mr. Mellowes is here in Paris with me, if you would like to see him."

Another extra long instalment of this fascinating story will appear to-morrow.

Always
buy the

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

It Contains the Best
Exclusive Pictures, the
Most Informative
Special Articles, the
Finest News Service and
the Brightest Features.

The Most Famous
Men and Women
of the Day Write
for the "Sunday
Pictorial."

Several million people
read each issue of the
"Sunday Pictorial,"
which has the largest
audience of any paper
in the world.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

The Leading
Picture Paper.



Mr. Robert T. Whitaker, who has started a collection of crippled souls at Sunday school.



Lady Beatrice Wilkinson, who has started a collection of crippled souls at Sunday school.

The P. M. Pleased.
I HEARD during the week-end that Mr. Lloyd George is immensely pleased with the reception of his drastic restrictive proposals, and regards the willingness of all classes to sacrifice as the strongest possible evidence of the national "will to win."

The Home Rule Debate.
At one of the clubs yesterday I heard some interesting gossip about the Home Rule motion. In some quarters there is doubt whether it will come on at all, but the Redmondites are so disturbed that I think they may insist on a debate. The great body of parliamentary opinion (and I believe the Government also) are opposed to a revival of the controversy just now, so there may be "negotiations."

The I.L.P.
Things are stirring in the political world of Labour. Do not be surprised if the I.L.P. (Ineffective Liberal Pacifists) are publicly repudiated by the real Labour Party in the House.

A Postponed Indictment.
Things might have come to a head last week after Mr. Philip Snowden's prosecution. It had been hoped that Mr. James O'Grady would follow him, and I think Mr. Snowden was relieved when Mr. Bonar Law took the floor of the House. Had Mr. O'Grady spoken for the trade unionists there would have been some lively revelations about the I.L.P.

No Concessions.
I hear on the highest authority that the Government have not the slightest intention of making any concession to the interests affected by the new order concerning imports.

"Take Them as a Whole."
This is in full accord with the impression the Prime Minister's speech created in the House. No passage was delivered with greater emphasis of voice and gesture than his appeal to the nation to take the restrictions "as a whole," and, as one who closely watched his Cabinet colleagues during its delivery, I may add—that has escaped notice—that no passage brought more cheers or approving nods from the crowded row of Ministers.

The Week-End.
Mr. Lloyd George spent the week-end at Walton Heath. He has been working something like sixteen hours a day, and needed a little rest badly.

Irish Law Courts Idle.
I am told that the Irish Law Courts present a curious spectacle just now. In pre-war days this was the busiest time, but now there is hardly anything doing. Even "eminent counsel" are feeling the pinch. Outside half a dozen leaders, practically no briefs are moving.

Wedding Gift of £100,000.
The accidental death of Mr. Hercules Langrishe, of the Royal Flying Corps, has caused much regret in Ireland. He was heir to the Langrishe baronetcy. His mother, Lady Langrishe, is one of the best horsewomen in Ireland. When she married Sir Hercules Langrishe her father gave her a cheque for £100,000, and her sister Williamina received a gift on her marriage to Mr. C. A. Langrishe, of London.

Likely to Quarrel.
There is free talk in a West where our diplomats meet of a young man and the new Empress. This latter young man has things lately to remove Germanic influence from the Kaiser is very much anxious to influence.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

At Buckingham Palace.

The King holds an Investiture every Saturday at the Palace, and a large crowd invariably gathers to see and cheer the heroes arriving to receive decorations. On Saturday I noticed many women in the waiting throng. They were the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, cousins or aunts of the King's guests. They looked proud, and deservedly so.

An Irish Heroine.

I think the heroine of the occasion was Miss Louisa Nolan, the plucky Irish girl who received the Military Medal for tending wounded soldiers under fire at the time of the Dublin rebellion. I saw Miss Nolan—who, by the way, is now in the chorus of "Three Cheers"—just after she left the Palace. She is a fine-looking girl, and carried her medal becomingly.

Sabbatarians Got Out Their Spades.

I was struck with the number of people with Sabbatarian views to be seen yesterday digging up their gardens. Since the Premier's appeal to the Free Churches, ministers have advocated Sunday labour to raise food, and for the first Sunday in their lives many people yesterday were gardening.

"Percival" Passes.

Fleet-street learned yesterday with deep regret of the death of John N. Raphael. He was a brilliant journalist who knew his Paris intimately. How tolerant he was to those colleagues from London who came to him with an insatiable desire to "see the sights" of the fascinating French capital! His own interests were art, literature and the drama.

"Petticoats" and the Law.

"Petticoats," the forthcoming "all-woman play" at the Garrick, is exciting much interest.



Miss Marga La Rubia.

terest. The other day I saw Miss Marga La Rubia, who is to play the part of a petticoated solicitor. Apparently she sees nothing anomalous in the rôle. "In these messless days," she declared, "women should be allowed to practise law."

The Quick Lunch Habit.

Quick lunches are the rule these days. People used to dawdle at table for two hours. I noted the time consumed by some of the people at the Ritz the other day. Lieutenant the Hon. Evan Morgan achieved a record. He lunched in twenty minutes and was one of a party, too!

In a Lady's Dressing-Room.

Mr. Ludovici is painting a portrait in oils of Miss Aileen O'Rime, the beautiful Alcega, Kassim's head wife in "Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's. The sittings took place each evening in the lady's dressing-room at the theatre between the acts.

The Popular Topic.

Wherever I went during the week-end I heard people talking about food. I heard no complaints about the Prime Minister's stringent restrictions of imports. One man said: "It's necessary, so we cannot complain." There was much condemnation of the selfish food hoarders. A famous merchant said: "If it should be necessary to unhoard these hoards, it can be done easily. We have already stopped the food hogs."

Oh, To Be in England!

An officer friend in a London hospital wants me to tell him why it is that he and his fellow-officers were deprived of sugar several days last week while the shop windows are filled with sweets. Well, the only answer, it seems to me, is this—because he is in England.

The Food-Hoarder's Latest.

Some of the food hoarders, expecting that householders may have to furnish a return of flour and sugar in their houses, are beginning to store them in their City offices. I hope Lord Devonport will take the hint. If a food census is taken it must be comprehensive.

Mrs. Lloyd George, Auctioneer.

Everybody in Covent Garden is looking to the auction which Mrs. Lloyd George will conduct on Wednesday at the Foreign Fruit Market on behalf of the Welsh Troops Fund. I am told that she will put up for sale a number of articles belonging to her husband. Some brisk bidding is anticipated.

Miss Terriss Takes a Rest.

I met Miss Ellaline Terriss walking in Bond-street. She looked very fresh and charming, although she told me she had been working very hard helping to produce "The Catch of the Season," and was now off to the country to enjoy a rest.

Other Stars.

I hear that besides Mr. Harry Tate, Miss Phyllis Bedells and Miss Minerva Coverdale are to be members of the cast of the forthcoming production by Mr. Albert de Courville.

Two Theatres Closed.

Something of a surprise was created in theatrical circles in London on Saturday by the sudden closing down of the St. Martin's Theatre and the Ambassadors. There had been a slump at the former house since the departure of Miss Gertie Millar.

A Leather Substitute.

Owing to the large amount of leather required for the Army, shoemakers are endeavouring to find attractive substitutes. A friend tells me that her new spring shoes have tops of satin which has undergone a special stiffening treatment.

A Generous Gift.

Mr. H. N. Gladstone, I learn, has generously offered Hawarden Castle as a hospital for wounded officers. He is a son of the famous statesman. He inherited the house and estates after the lamented death in action of Second Lieutenant Gladstone, the young "Squire of Hawarden." At one time he acted as private secretary to his father.

Trench Triolets.—III.

The trench-top isn't quite the place
To read the news or darn your socks;
To pick up pearls or fish for dace
The trench-top isn't quite the place.
Nor yet the spot to leave your face
More than a second by the clocks.
The trench-top isn't quite the place
To read the news or darn your socks.

"Young England's" New Home.

"Young England," one of the lightest and freshest operas of modern times, was transferred to Drury Lane on Saturday night. To judge from its reception, it is likely to remain there for a long time. There have been a few changes in the "book," and Mr. Walter Passmore has been replaced by Mr. William Cromwell. The piece goes with all its accustomed swing and buoyancy.

"The Bing Girls."

"And they told me not to come into revue," said Mr. Wilkie Bard, in "The Bing Girls Are There" at the Alhambra on Saturday night, after Miss Violet Lorraine had kissed him. The crowded house cheered the impromptu because it had already taken the "Bing Girls" to its heart. The production is beautiful, and Miss Lorraine plays a part full of character and humour to perfection.

Enthusiastic.

I like Mr. Joseph Coyne as the youthful villager who has never been kissed, and Mr. Bard is an admirable dame without a trace of vulgarity. The house was packed with theatrical celebrities and music-hall stars. A difficult audience this, but it gave the "Bing Girls" a fine send-off.

"Razzle Dazzle" Ends.

After the "Bing Girls" I walked across the square to the jovial big party of "Razzle Dazzle" on the stage of the Empire. Here was a jolly crowd, composed of everybody who had been in the show and a lot of people who had not. Mr. Frank Allen, Mr. Albert De Courville and Mr. Harry Tate made capital speeches.



Lady Jellicoe travelling a war shrine at Battersea Church on Saturday.

Redmondites and Public Opinion.

I hear that the Redmond party will make a determined effort to win back some of the support which they have lost in Ireland. A method of complete reorganisation has, I learn, been decided upon by the leaders, and a convention representing Nationalist opinion will be held in Dublin soon.

The Phrase-Maker.

Lord Curzon is developing a reputation as a phrase-maker. I rather liked his description of Austria as "the wash-pot of Germany." It is a phrase that sticks in the memory, like so many of the Prime Minister's.

The Dardanelles.

I am told that we may have the Dardanelles report in our hands on Wednesday. In the meantime take no notice of the busy rumourists who "know all about it." Let the report speak for itself.

Mr. Clynes and the Pacifists.

I quite expect to find the Snowdenites publicly excommunicating Mr. R. Clynes in the near future. Mr. Clynes has hit the pacifists harder than anybody. He won't worry over the excommunication; in fact, it may be accepted as the reward of honour.

No Election.

Quite a number of M.P.s have been flustered over a rumour that sprang up last week that the Prime Minister had decided on a general election in May. During the week-end they were comforted by the tranquillising assurance that the Government had no such intention.

War Carelessness.

I never have seen so many advertisements of articles lost in trains, cabs and restaurants. A medical friend tells me it is due to the fact that women concentrate their minds on one particular thing nowadays, hence their carelessness.

Faddiness and Food.

Since the new food restrictions food fads are melting away like ice before the sun. Even "food faddy" children seem to realise that discretion is often the better part of valour, and eat what they get.

A Royal Reprimand.

I saw Princess Patricia strolling through the Green Park the other afternoon. A small boy, in defiance of his nurse, was stepping over the fast-thawing ice in the pond. "Naughty boy," said the Princess, "do as Nannie tells you."

A Slight Slump.

In the West End shops you will find a certain pessimism just now. At three big stores they told me during the week, and they expected a slump for a short time, in consequence of the War Loan. "But it will all come right in the spring," is the expert opinion.

Mud and a Monogero.

Soldiers are always cheerful, despite hardships. A subaltern, "somewhere" in the East, writes to me that though the weather is exceedingly trying, he is happy, having collected two stray dogs, a kitten and a baby camel. The latter he rescued from the mud.

"Remnant."

"Remnant" is the name of the new Vedrenne-Eadie production. It comes on at the Royalty on Saturday next, when Mr. Dennis Eadie will appear as an engineer and Miss Marie Lohr as the heroine.

A Critic's Good Work.

I met Mr. B. W. Findon in the Strand yesterday. He is wearing the Volunteer's uniform. "It is quite as comfortable," he said, "as the evening suit I wore as a dramatic critic." Mr. Findon carries on single-handed a very useful work. He has taken 1,200 wounded soldiers to matinees and given them tea afterwards.

THE RAMBLER.

WHITELEYS INEXPENSIVE COATS for Early Spring

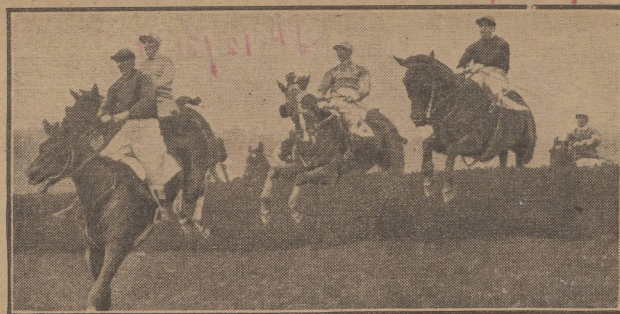


Navy Serge Walking Coat, cut on new straight lines, with Collar, Belt and Pockets, finished self stitching. All sizes. **45/-**



Useful Weather Coat, in Storm Twill, with practical Collar and large Pockets. All sizes. **22/6**

WM. WHITELEY LTD.
QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.



The open ditch in the Rowlands Steeplechase at Lingfield Park on Saturday.

THE GERMAN RETREAT

Prisoners Told to Fire Rifles to Hide Withdrawal Movements.

RUMOUR AND BAPAUME.

(Continued from page 5.)

soon discovered to have been caused by the deliberate firing of his dugouts.

From a point in our front south-east of Serre the first advance of our patrols appears to have commenced.

The movement spread, and at the time that I visited this part of the front this afternoon the scenes were reminiscent of the busiest days of the great Somme push.

It is impossible to say from hour to hour just what the position really is.

The extreme depth to which the German retreat has been carried is reported as about three miles.

Miraumont, Miraumont le Petit and Pys were all occupied by our troops with no very obstinate resistance.

It is true that as our men were entering Miraumont they encountered a patrol of Germans, and a few minutes later a mine was blown in the centre of the main street, destroying the roadway, but causing no casualties.

The Germans made use of destructive tactics without fighting any rearguard actions.

They posted machine-gun teams and snipers in various vantage points along the line of our pursuit, but at one point only, which was from the hill commanding Boom Ravine, was there a definite resistance.

FIRES IN BAPAUME.

Throughout yesterday, in weather for the most part hazy, was the advance of the British troops continued.

Last evening our troops advanced towards Warlencourt, Ipres and Miraumont on the heels of the enemy.

As far as is possible to gather from the desultory reports which are continually filtering back, this line has now been established.

The Germans have chosen their time well for this prearranged shortening of their line when the oozing condition of the churned-up ground renders the movements of our troops more than ordinarily difficult.

German prisoners say that they were particularly instructed to maintain as much show of activity as possible and to fire their rifles incessantly so as to defer detection of the withdrawal as long as possible.

I hear that a number of explosions and fires have been observed in Bapaume during the day, and rumour has it that the Germans are evacuating the town.

But rumour is always a dangerous one; not actually a lying jade at times like this, and it will be well to await definite authentic tidings before believing that the enemy has really retired from a point of such great strategic significance.—Reuter's Special.

Wallis' The Mecca of the Thrifty.



Smart Silk Sallow Hat, with posy of flowers, in Black, Navy, Putty, Nigger, Bottle, Grey, Natural, finished with dainty Silk Rose.

Smart Ostich Feather Ruffles in Black, White, Navy, Brown, Bottle, Grey, Natural, finished with dainty Silk Rose.

Special Price **2/11 1/2** By post & d. extra.

Thos. Wallis & Co., Ltd. HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

"FROM THE HEART."

Young German Girl's Appeal—Parents Hit by the War.

Much may be learnt on the condition of Germany question by studying the advertisements, day by day, in the German newspapers.

They have lately been of two sorts. First, the official attempts to cheer the people up. Second, the popular evidences of the people's failure to be cheered.

Cinemas, theatres, placards, lectures—all advertise war subjects. All speak of "the last battle."

One German advertises—"entrance free"—a syllabus of lectures, the last one being named "Has God (Gott) Lost the War?" "The submarines are going to end it." And so on. . .

Now take, by way of contrast, this from the *Schlesische Zeitung*:

Heartfelt request: "Who will help me to obtain the sum needed by a delicate young girl of eighteen for a lengthy stay in a sanatorium, which has been urgently ordered by the doctor? The parents, who have seen better days, have, owing to war and sickness, fallen into need through no fault of their own. Kind contributions will be gratefully received by Theil, pastor of the Johannes Kirche, Breslau.

Or this, from a neutral in Germany, who wants to get away:—

A Spaniard, who speaks German, French and Italian well, seeks a position as a traveller, in no matter what line, or as a seller. Until now he had a business on his own account in Germany.—(*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Jan. 22, n.)

Or this, from a German who also seems to be "fed up"—or, rather, "down"—in Germany:

Wanted, by a steady German gentleman, in an aristocratic house of beautiful situation in Bern, a comfortably furnished sitting room and a bedroom, with a bath, breakfast, electric light, heating, use of telephone included; partial board also desired. Offers in detail, mentioning prices, to Publicitas A.G., Bern.—(*Der Bund*, Jan. 21.)

The advertisements put in by the people are not like those published by the Government! A significant contrast. . .

"FRENCH AIRSHIP DOWN."

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Night Communiqué.—Our artillery showed activity in the Dead Man region.

Our destructive firing gave good results.

There were intermittent artillery actions at some points of the front in Lorraine and the Vosges.

Afternoon Communiqué.—During the night our reconnoitring troops carried out successfully two raids on enemy posts in the Forest of Apremont and north of Badonvillers.

Aviation.—One of our squadrons effectively bombarded the railway stations of Grandfont and of Romagne-Sous (Montfaucon).—Center.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

During the night of February 25-26 a French airship was brought down in flames in the wood east of Saaralben by our anti-aircraft fire.—Admiralty per Wireless.

GASSED BY THEIR OWN GAS

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—On the Semonki-Leschiniaty sector (south of the Vichevsky Lake) the enemy liberated a gas cloud which, after having reached our trenches, was driven back to the enemy's trenches owing to a change of wind.

NEWS ITEMS.

100 Relatives Fighting.

Mrs Frith, who died last week at Isleworth, at the age of seventy-seven, could boast of having 100 relatives at the war.

£203,181 for Pensions.

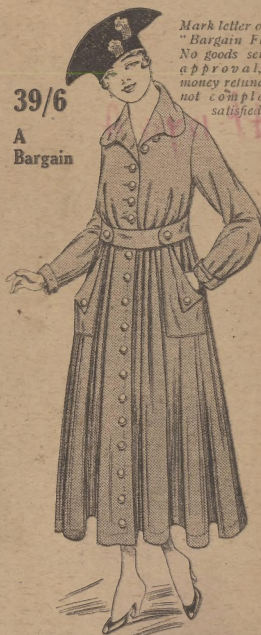
The War Pensions Statutory Committee have advanced to local committees for supplementary pensions, allowances and other grants the sums of £203,181 lrs. 9d. from July 1 to date.

Archduke's Secret Trial.

As the result of a secret trial, at which he was condemned as responsible for the lack of organisation in the Austrian Army, the Archduke Frederick, says a Rome wireless message, is a prisoner at the palace in Vienna.

Harrods BARGAIN FLOOR

The Fashion of the Coat Frock is not only smart and becoming, but useful and economical, too. You must have a Coat Frock. Why not a Bargain?



Mark letter orders "Bargain Floor." No goods sent on approval, but money refunded if not completely satisfied.

39/6 A Bargain

B.F. VIOLA. Exceptional Bargain. Useful and becoming tailored Coat Frock in good quality All-Wool Botany Serge. Well made and finished, suitable for hard wear. Can be supplied in Wine, Grey, Nigger, Bottle Green, Putty, Navy or Blue. EACH 39/6 Postage 6d. extra.

A large variety of other styles on show.

4/11 New and delightful House of White Voile. The becoming square neck outlined with Embroidery, fastening at side of front, finished with groups of small Satin Buttons. Sizes 13, 14 and 15.

4/11 Outside 15, 5/6 Postage 4d. extra.

B.F. 463. Very special Bargain lot of smart Broche Corsets in Blue or White. A new season's Model, medium bust, deep over hips, well boned and fitted suspenders. Sizes, 19 to 28.

5/6 Postage 6d. extra.

Harrods Ltd London SW R. BUREIDGE, Managing Director

"BING GIRLS" SUCCEED "BING BOYS"—ANOTHER BIG ALHAMBRA SUCCESS.



Waiting their turn. They are piglings which are wheeled on the stage in perambulators in the Misses Pounds song, "The Piggy Jig."



Mr. Lewis Sydney is obviously "up from the country."



Mr. Joseph Coyne (in the centre) with Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. Wilkie Bard. Mr. Coyne is Oswald.



Mr. Lewis Sydney, the fond father, at Blackpool.



Miss Violet Loraine as Amethyst, one of the Bing Girls.



Mr. George Ali, the human dog, and Mr. Wilkie Bard as Emerald, one of the Bing sisters.

The eagerly expected new revue, "The Bing Girls Are There," was successfully produced at the Alhambra on Saturday before an enthusiastic audience. It is a worthy successor to the "Bing Boys." Miss Violet Loraine's ballad, "Let the Great Big World Keep Turning," is sure to become the rage of the town.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

OVERSEAS SOLDIERS AMONG THE MISSING MEN OF WHOM NEWS IS ANXIOUSLY SOUGHT.



Pte. W. Backwell (Warwick). Write to Miss Backwell, Greytone Cottage, Park-road, Crediton.



Rfm. C. Stockwell (Rifle Brigade). Write to 11, Compton-street, St. John-street, Clerkenwell.



Rfm. W. Batts (Rifle Brigade). Write to Mrs. Batts, 108, Brunswick-street, Hackney, London.



Lee-Cpl. W. Organ (M. G. Section). Write to 8, Rosebery-avenue, George-street, West Birmingham.



Pte. H. Allison (Dorsetshire Regt.). Write to Miss D. Gould, 10, Wesley-street, Weymouth.



Pte. W. A. H. Rowe (Manchester Regt.). Write to Albert O. Rowe, High-street, Huntingdon.



Pte. Charles Kingston (Canadian Force). Write to his mother, who is now living at Andover, Hants.

second sample.

CICFA

DI-EST-ION ON-STI-ATION LAT-I-UL-ENCE CIG-ITY

THE CICFA COY.,

8a, DUKE ST. MANCHESTER SO., LONDON

"Daily Mirror," 26/3/17.

Send the "Overseas Weekly Mirror" to Friends Abroad. Best Picture Weekly

"THE Daily Mirror' is Well Worth 1s in Peace or War."—Mr. Churchill.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

"THE Daily Mirror' is Still Cheap at the Price."—The Lord Mayor.

A BATH IN THE RIVER DON BRITISH FIGHTING MEN IN RUSSIA.



The men of the armoured car section, who have had many adventures since they left these shores. They have fought in Rumania and the Caucasus.

FANCY DRESSES REPLACE OVERALLS—MUNITION WORKERS HOLD A CINDERELLA.



Mrs. Levy, as an Eastern girl, took a first prize.



Charlie Chaplin was there.



Miss A. L. Smith, as England, took second prize.



Miss Pennington, Turkish dress.



Mrs. Howson, a Chinese tea merchant.



Two of the dancers in costume.

Howling as "Bubbles."

aided by munition makers are now taking the place of society functions. A little affair of this kind took place at the Connaught Rooms, Great

Queen-street, on Saturday evening. There was nothing extravagant about the dresses, their excellence being due to the wearer's ingenuity.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)